CHARNOCK JUNIOR:

OR,

The Coronation.

BEING

A Parody upon *Mac-Flecknoe.*

IN THREE CANTOS.

Now firſt publiſh'd correct and intire.

By THOMAS BRERETON, Gent.
Late of Brazen-Noſe College, Oxon.

And here the Laureat juſtly claims our Praiſe,
Crown'd by Mac-Flecknoe *with immortal Bays.*
D. of Bucking.

I ſcorn a giddy and unſafe Applauſe,
But this, O Heaven! is Fighting in thy Cauſe.
E. of Dorſet.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Piece was for the moſt part written in the Year of a late celebrated Tryal, being the twentieth of the Author's Age; and afterwards printed from a very imperfect and anonymous Copy. But as the Writer was known to Many, He has gladly lay'd hold on the new Exploit of the extraordinary Perſon He deſcribes, to give it the Publick reviſ'd and finiſh'd in ſuch a manner, as He may no longer be aſham'd to own it. This He might have done without any ſuch Motive; ſince a Poem is always in Seaſon, be the Occurrence that occaſion'd it ever ſo ſtale. But He choſe rather to attend ſome repeated Extravagancy, which might fully juſtify Him, in having turn'd againſt ſuch a Man the fineſt Satyr in the *Engliſh* Language.

CHARNOCK JUNIOR.

CANTO I.



MANKIND muſt die, nor Good
[nor Ill can ſave
Devoted Mortals from th' im-
[partial Grave:
And (dire Misfortune!) when
[Fate calls away,
Ev'n Death's Vicegerents do
[Themſelves obey.
So * CHARNOCK found; who, ſent to *Oxford* young,
Acquir'd that Title, and had govern'd long:
In Hell's Black Arts was own'd, without Diſpute,
Thro' all the Realms of Treaſon abſolute.

---

* *Once Fellow of* Maudlin College; *who, after having been Active in King* James's *Time for Popery, was at laſt Hang'd for the Part He bore in the* Aſſaſſination-Plot; *as is here related.*

This

This Rev'rend Prince, now waywardly bewray'd
By his False-Brethren of the murth'ring Trade;
Fated to *Tyburn*, did at length debate
To settle the Succession of his State;
And pond'ring which of all his Pupil-Race
Was fit to wage immortal War with Peace,
Cry'd—— 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature has decree'd,
Who most resembles Me shou'd next succeed.
S——L my perfect Image bears,
Mature in Faction from his greenest Years:
S——L of all my Sons is He,
Who stands confirm'd in finish'd Villany.
The Rest some faint Remains of Conscience have;
S——L never deviates out of Knave:
Some Streaks of Guilt on other Rogues may fall,
Pierce thro' and make an honest Interval;
S——L's nighted Heart admits no Ray,
His inmate Hell shuts out th' intruding Day.

Nor less compleat his pamper'd Size I find,
Which seems for brawny Majesty design'd;

Brawny

Brawny as *Hampſhire* Hogs, which tear the Plain,
And ſpread in ſtinking State *Uncenſur'd* reign.
MANW'RING and SIBTHORP were but Types (of Thee,
Thou Arch Apoſtle of bleſt Tyranny!
Nay, Thou alone art worthy more Applauſe,
Than all the Wights that ever own'd our Cauſe.
And truſt Me, Son! a more abandon'd Crew
Of precious Miſcreants Diſcord never knew:
Quacks, Pedants, Bawds, Tale-of-a-Tub Divines,
A Crew well ſorted for ſuch choice Deſigns!
Nor does there need diſtinctly here to name
PICK'RING and GROVE, thoſe Part'ners in the [Game;
FITZ-HARRIS, HANS, with Numbers now forgot,
Or Mother CELLIER, and her Meal-Tub Plot.
Ev'n I, a Villain of more Note than They,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy Way:
And with my coarſer Schemes of Treaſon came
To rouſe our Friends in thy more helliſh Name.
My darling Plot (the Plot I whilome lay'd
Rome to reſtore, by TONY FARMER's Aid)

Was

Was but the Prelude to that glorious Day,
(For ſage with Dev'l the Deed I now ſurvey)
When Thou ſhalt at *St. Paul's*, Thou rare Buffoon!
That very Saint with his own Words lampoon:
Shalt then with Mouth, tremendous as 'tis large,
Three Ranks at once, Queen, Lords, and Com-
(mons charge;
And burſting out in ſulph'rous Flames, dilate
And ſcorch Three Nations into civil Hate.
Juſtice 'tis true ſhall check thy bold Pretence,
And Reaſon ſhow Thee guilty of th' Offence.
But Hell to friend, thy Cauſe the more ſhall ſhine;
Their's be the Scorn, the Triumph will be thine:
Thou ev'n wilt triumph in a baſe Retreat,
Thy ſentenc'd Villany ſhall make Thee great,
And * pleading Madneſs dignify thy Fate!
Methinks I ſee Thee on thy Progreſs ride,
A Second BECKET, ſwell'd with *Romiſh* Pride!

---

* *See the Impartial Account of what paſs'd among the Lords.*

At

At thy Approach whole Crouds, from Place to Place,
Turn frentick, and their common Plague embrace.
Around thy Steed the ſurgey Vulgar throng
So cloſe, the Beaſt and Thou ſcarce float along:
Bonefires, and Bells, and Pageantrys obſerve
How Thou haſt 'ſcap'd the Laſh Thou did'ſt deserve:
Ecchoes from *Banbury* S——L ſound,
And ſcabby *Wrexham* does the Noiſe rebound:
Countrey and Town the Government arreigns,
And the pox'd Nation feeds Thee in her Veins.
But moſt the Blight (in its each Species He
Infection is) O *Oxford!* preys on Thee:
Thy ev'ry Flow'r is tainted; whence proceeds
A Nurſery of rank degen'rate Weeds.
Nor They alone already thine, but Thoſe
Whom budding yet, more kindly Soils diſcloſe;
However rear'd and principl'd before,
Tranſplanted into Thee, their Sweets give o'er:
Suck in the Rancour of their common Bed,
And grow true Wildings ſtrait, true *Oxford*-Bred.

Oxford, my Son! is thine; on Thee ſhe doats,
And all thy *Billingsgate* for Scripture quotes:
Her Logick, and the Wit ſhe has, deſcend;
And low to the myſterious Rogu'ry bend.
Thee Traytor! Thee her Theatre and Schools
Pronounce the moſt egregious of her Tools:
Thou Tool! who earn'ſt thy plump Collections
[more
Than old Sir ROGER ever earn'd before.
For Thee her Pulpits, erſt of Uſe divine,
Are made the Drums of Faction and Deſign:
Thoſe Drums! which ſtill, with glad triumphant
[Bound,
To *Britain*'s State of ſure Damnation ſound.
Oxford, in fine, does Thee her Angel view,
Her faireſt Sons thy fouleſt Steps purſue,
As true to Thee as Thou to Hell art true!
Thyſelf, the while, to raiſe the Ferment more,
Becom'ſt more bold, more giddy than before.
Wild *Iriſh* HIGGINS wag'd a gentler War,
Nor thy own TILLY ever dar'd ſo far.

So much Thou doſt the loyal Subject feign,
* Swear'ſt and art perjur'd with ſo little Pain;
Swear'ſt (which is ſurely perjur'd) to the Throne
Thy Principles inforce Thee to diſown;
That LESLEY's ſelf, out-fac'd by Thee, gives o'er,
Flings down the Mask He long in Triumph wore,
And † deſp'rate vows He'll act the Hypocrite no more.

HERE ſtop'd the good old Rogue, and wept for Joy,
In ſilent Raptures of his Pupil-Boy:
All Things, but moſt his Brawn and Braſs, perſuade
That for anointed Treaſon He was made.

CLOSE to the Suburbs which fair *London* bind,
London, ſo much to Plays and Games inclin'd!
A Bowling-Green there ſtands; of vaſt Reſort
From ev'ry Side the City and the Court;

---

* *His taking the Oaths at the Entrance upon his Benefice and with the L.* K---y.

† *His writing the Pamphlet call'd* Lying in Truth, *in which He openly and with Exulting avows the* Jacobite *and* Non-juror.

Hight *Mary-bone*, fam'd for an Atheiſt P—r,
Our Church's mighty Friend! (what need ſhe fear)
Who meets his Party-Tools and Cullies there.
Taverns around and Victualling-Houſes riſe;
Scenes of dire Plots, and of ſeditious Joys:
Where their dark Courts the Father-Traytors call;
And free from Spys againſt the State cabal.
Nigh theſe Old *Tyburn* ſhows his threatning Face;
Tyburn with tripple Head o'erlooks the Place:
Tyburn! that awful *Cerberes*, to whom
Each *Britiſh* Villain ſoon or late muſt come;
And (if to Hell He ſteals thro' no Back-way)
His laſt Admittance-Due of Swinging pay.
Learn'd CLARKE attends no *Newgate* Chariots here,
Nor does Great HOADLY in theſe Parts appear:
But COLLIER, ſteel'd Himſelf with blackeſt Pride,
Gladly abſolves each harden'd Regicide;
Alone to COLLIER, and ſuch Prieſts, 'tis giv'n
Here to abſolve, and here to promiſe Heav'n.

Here

Here CHARNOCK, as a Place to Fame well known,
And for Himſelf muſt here foregoe the Crown,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd S——L's Throne.

And ſpeak, O Criticks of the niceſt Senſe!
If He more aptly cou'd have match'd the Prince:
The Prince, to whom We the Falſe-Brethren owe,
And from whoſe Pen the *Darby*-Farce did flow:
The Prince, who durſt, in Man's and God's Deſpight,
The Divine Rights and the Low-Churchman write:
The fam'd Low-Churchman, ſtuff'd with helliſh Rage,
Smells rank of *Tyburn* in each High-Church Page.
Where but at *Tyburn* ſhould commence his Reign,
Who dar'd to rant in ſuch a Gallows-Strain?
Where but at *Tyburn* ſhall it end again?

End of the Firſt CANTO.

CANTO II.

BUT now loud Fame had publiſh'd thro' the [Town
Of this Solemnity the great Renown.
Rouz'd by the ſtrange Report the Nations meet,
From round St. *Saviour*'s to *White-chappel* Street.
No Flow'rs, no Carpets ſpread th' Imperial Road,
But all along Court-Sermon Leaves were ſtrow'd:
From Coffee-Houſes torn Rehearſals come,
Martyrs of Pipes, and Relicks of the Bum.
Much HEYLIN, much of SIBTHORP too there lay;
But Loads of MAYNW'RING almoſt choak'd the Way,
Raſh Stationers for Yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
The CLEMENTS of the Time was Captain of the [Guard.
The deſtin'd King, Majeſtically rear'd,
Conſpicuous on a well-rais'd Sledge appear'd.
Behind, th' Aſſociates of his brave Deſign,
Bluff KEYS and KING, in ſecond Luſtre ſhine.

By his Left Side KETCH, with a length of Cord,
His Function's Badge, ſtood plentifully ſtor'd.
Faſt on his Right our Young S——L ſate,
Death's other Hope, and Pillar of his State:
His Brows black Frowns, inſtead of Chaplets, grace;
And Hell in Miniature was in his Face.
As Good King JAMES did to his Kingdoms come,
By Mother ſworn a truſty Friend to *Rome*;
S——L ſwore, (nor has his Vow been vain)
That He till Death true Faction wou'd maintain:
And in his Realm's Defence, and Father's Right,
Princes and People ſtill to diſunite,
And ſow thoſe Diſcords He wou'd ſeem to ſmite.
The King himſelf the ſacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Prieſt by Trade.
In his Siniſter Hand, inſtead of Ball,
He plac'd a Mug of Worm-wood daſh'd with Gall.
His Place-Book to his Right He did convey:
At once his Scepter and his Rule of Sway:

Whoſe

Whoſe righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd long,
And from whoſe Loins the late Falſe-Brethren ſprung.
His Temples laſt with Hemlock were o'erſpread,
That baleful ſeem'd to conſecrate his Head:
Juſt at which Point of Time, (if Fame not lie)
Hov'ring aloft, twelve Imps were ſeen to fly.
So once, 'tis ſung, a State-projecting Rook
From twelve new Lords Preſage of Empire took;
Twelve viſionary Lords, who tory-row
Popp'd up at once confeſt, the Lord knows how!
Th' admiring Throng the gladſome Omen ſeize,
And fluſh'd with Hope loud Acclamations raiſe.
The Sire then ſhook the Honours of his Head,
And Show'rs of deathleſs Ignominy ſhed
Full on the filial Knav'ry: Long He ſtood
To fix the Rope, and try the fatal Hood;
Then mounted burſt in this extatick Mood.

O DEVIL bleſs my Son! and let Him reign
Through each fair Iſle that crowds the *Britiſh* Main:

There

There moſt, but ev'ry where his Crimes be known;
May his damn'd Villanys no Rival own,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne!
To Thee I pray; for oh! 'tis Thou muſt bleſs
His Treaſons, elſe they loſe their wiſh'd Succeſs:
Elſe ſhall a Prince and People both cabal
Againſt Themſelves, to their own mutual Fall?
Shall That incline to the bleſt Schemes of Thoſe,
Who diſavow the Means by which She roſe?
Or This in quaint unnat'ral Strife contend,
Its boaſted Propertys and Rights to rend?
Events like theſe demand thy ſpecial Care;
For Contradiction ſuch can never bear
Without Hell's Auſpice: Yet they muſt arrive,
If Thou deſign'ſt my Son in Ill ſhould thrive;
If He (as in his Fate I ſure deſcry)
Was born to make a happier Wretch than I.
I fondly ſought t' aſſaſſinate our Foe,
May He by ſurer Means attempt the Blow;

Let Him, the moſt a Dev'l of human Race,
Arch as Thyſelf, thy own nice Foot-ſteps trace;
And (ſhame to th' aukard Plots of blunter Men!)
Outdoe Carbines and Poyniards with his Pen—!
He paus'd; and all the People cry'd Amen.

NOT ſo his Sons; who Each with Envy *pale*,
Their younger Brother thus exalted hail;
As his Falſe-brethren did the Seer of old,
When great They found Him whom they once had [ſold.
URIM, and He that bears his Bucket, heard
With like Surprize the Youth to Both preferr'd.
SNAPE too was there; who mutter'd with ſome [Noiſe,
He could laſh Hereticks as well as Boys;
And thought Himſelf as qualify'd to rule
A wholeſome Inquiſition as a School.
WELTON, and STUBS, and MILBOURN ſtole aſide,
And loſt amidſt the Crowd their Wonder hide.
BENTLY, with Some-one elſe not worth a Name,
In *Greek* and *Latin* Both reſent their Shame:

When

When urg'd in *Engliſh* to prefer their Suit,
They pleaded Ignorance, and Both were mute.
SWIFT elegantly tagg'd a Score of Oaths:
For None in gentler Phraſe ſuch Matter cloaths.
But HIGGINS, He through Anguiſh of Deſpair
Wildly began more bluntly firſt to ſwear:
Then ceremoniouſly uplifting high
His brawny Arm in Token of Defie;
And lolling out his Tongue with ſpeaking Mien,
As Satyrs oft' in Front of Book are ſeen;
Dar'd his proud Foe the Title to decree
At Fiſty-Cuffs, or *Rings end* Repartee.
Strait All began to laugh; at which in Rage
He look'd as with Mankind He War would wage;
And threat'ning ſomething terrible to All,
Tow'rds *Mary-bone* retir'd, with hideous Squawl.
Meantime, there One was found, who with the [Croud
Alone of all his Sons the Choice allow'd,
'Twas little TILLY, grown a Doctor ſince;
Who wriggl'd up, and ſoon inform'd the Prince,

* He knew his Mother, went with Him to School;
And whate'er Men might think, He was no Fool.
S——L bow'd; and with obliging Sneer
He ſtraitway whiſper'd ſomething in his Ear,
But *Siſter* ſpoke ſo loud, that All might hear.

THEN thus the Sire went on; My Son! advance
Still in new Villanage, new Arrogance.
Scripture let Others preach; thy Function be
Princes to threat, and damn their Miniſtry:
Of Prieſts t' aſſert the lawleſs Right divine
'Gainſt the united Civil Pow'r to join,
Yet teach the nether Laick World, that They
Are born to Bondage, and deſpotick Sway:
That fetter'd Nations only Heav'n can pleaſe,
And All but proſtrate Slaves are Savages.
Oh! had thy Years, when JAMES poſſeſt the [Crown,
Admitted Thee a Worthy of the Gown;

* *See his Letter before his Act-Sermon.*

What

What might We not, dear Rogue! have hop'd to ſee
From Him our King, and ſuch a Prieſt as Thee?
Thou firſt the Nation with thy Serpent-Tongue,
Should'ſt to a paſſive Lethargy have ſtung;
Rather, a paſſive War; in which combin'd,
She had prevented what her Prince deſign'd.
Scandals, Reports, as thick as Bullets ſpread,
Had ſhot all Reaſon in the Many dead:
Like Hand-Granades, Sermons of modern Dreſs
Had nearer puſh'd a Proſpect of Succeſs:
Addreſſes laſt, like Bombs too, ſhould have flown,
And with their Hiſs alarm'd the very Throne.
What more? He muſt, ev'n in his own Defence,
(He that longtime but wanted a Pretence)
Have gratify'd their abject Violence.
Then, then a Parliament had been no more,
That rais'd Us to a Height unknown before.
The Landed-Int'reſt ſhould have ſwagger'd moſt,
And Country-Squires indeed had rul'd the Roaſt:

Nor

Nor Brains nor Knowledge of Affairs had weigh'd,
But Acres then the Stateſman ſhould have made.
Then had a Miniſtry, too juſt and ſage,
Been held unfit to humanize the Age:
The SUNDERLANDS, GODOLPHINS of the Times,
And MARLB'ROUGHS, ſhould have ſunk beneath their [Crimes;
And in their ſtead (ſo Heav'n ſometimes is pleas'd)
Rakes, Bullys, pardon'd Traytors had been rais'd.
Who then had left Religion in the Lurch?
Then, my Falſe-brother! where had been our Church?
Ev'n where Thou would'ſt: She to *Rome*'s Arms [reſtor'd,
Her Sons had gaſp'd beneath a foreign Sword.
No Revolution had depriv'd the Land
Of bleſt Idolatry, or *French* Command:
Dutch WILLIAM might have ſpar'd his ſaving Care;
Nor Thou had'ſt wiſh'd Him a *Dewitting* here.
His Sword for Us ſhould ne'er have been unſheath'd;
Nor had He the *Curſt* Legacy bequeath'd.
All Things had anſwer'd to our Party's Toil,
And pompous Ruin ſhould have bleſt the Iſle.

End of the Second CANTO.

CANTO III.

THUS while He ſpoke a Murmur from behind,
Strangely perplext, came doubtful in the Wind:
'Till as it ſtronger grew, approaching near,
Daggers and Swords with Halberts mixt appear.
To this the People turn their Eyes alone;
And CHARNOCK's Voice is loſt in Hone-o-hone:
O-hone! o-hone! does ev'ry Ear diſmay,
While HIGGINS now ſhines Captain of the Fray.
He, the fell Purpoſe of his Heart in view,
When from the Place diſguſted He withdrew;
Strait gather'd from the Lurking holds at hand
Of *Macks* and *Fitzes* keen a motley Band:
And ſoon with Theſe, the Sheriff's Guard repreſt,
Had all the Outworks of the Fort poſſeſt.

But

But lo! when ſtill his Courſe He forwards bent,
And each Man trembl'd for the dire Event;
One reſolute *Clare*-Market Heroe's Might
Put the whole Squadron of Dear-Joys to Flight.
At which their Chief, made Captive on the Place,
Submitting to his Fate, apply'd for Grace;
And, due Obeyſance to his Rival pay'd,
Was dubb'd Prince-Royal, and as Such obey'd.

THAT done, th' old Traytor, bearing ſtill in [Mind
The lively Proſpect his laſt Words deſign'd,
Continu'd thus his Senſe of Things foreſeen,
As if no Paſſage had occurr'd between.

Bleſt View! the Thoughts my youthful Flame [reſtore;
But the dear Scene is permanent no more:
Yet hold; the Times return, the Means are ſtill,
Do Thou but preſevere in precious Ill.
Awhile thy three Year's Pennance ev'n be writ
Freſh Sheets of Faction and ſarcaſtick Wit.

Let

Let gentle TENNISON ſupply thy Page,
On BURNET too, and TALBOT ſpend thy Rage;
On WAKE and TRIMNEL, and All elſe that dare
To doubt the Juſtice of thy Holy-War.
Be They in * *Viſions* and ſuch crude Eſſays
Of Fame deſpoil'd, and loaded with Diſpraiſe.
Againſt Them play thy Black-guard Words; prevail
Shall their rude Noiſe, when Reaſon's Force will fail:
What can withſtand Fanatick, Regal Line,
Antimonarchical, or Right Divine?
Fools, Fools, Thou know'ſt, and Knaves ſupport our [Cauſe;
And only Words with Such ſhall find Applauſe:
And to the Few of more diſcerning Senſe
Thy very Books will ſtand in their Defence,
And but diſplay thy matchleſs Impudence.
Let Them be All by thy great Model made
Of Rogu'ry, and deſire no foreign Aid;

* *The* Quaker's Viſion *mention'd afterwards, ſaid to be written by Him.*

That They to future Ages may be known
Not Others' Characters, but eke! thine own.
Nay, let thy Honeſt Men too be the ſame;
All full of Thee, and diff'ring but in Name:
No alien * Moderation interpoſe,
Or plead the leaſt Forbearance of their Foes.
And when Thou would'ſt true helliſh Rhet'rick vend,
Truſt Nature; do not labour for the Fiend,
The Dev'l——: For 'tis agreed, if ever He
Did write, He writ ſuch Rhetorick as Thee;
Thy Low-Church Rhetorick, which in each Line
Unask'd, unſought-for, does conſpicuous ſhine:
Thy Low-Church Rhetorick commands thy Quill,
And does thy very Quaker's Viſion fill.

Nor let Falſe-Friends thy peerleſs Feats defame,
By citing LAUD's or SHARP's inglorious Name.

---

* *See the Praiſe of Sir* John Packington, *in the Character of a* Low-Church-Man.

Let

Let Father CHARNOCK fire thy Mind to Praiſe,
And Uncle FARMER too thy Envy raiſe,
And think ſometimes on Couſin KING and KEYS.
Whoe'er read LAUD this Diff'rence needs muſt ſee;
Him Int'reſt does pervert, pure Faction Thee.
With SHARP what View can tempt Thee to compare?
Thou know'ſt my Deeds; He had in them no Share:
With CARTWRIGHT ne'er to *Oxford* did reſort,
Nor was He choſe of the Commiſſion-Court.
When did He, when on Manners fix a Brand;
Or rail at Schemes He did not underſtand?
Where Pop'd it He in thy Anath'ma-Vein;
Or ſchiſmatiz'd in the Low-Church-Man Strain?
Where call'd He Names, Cheat, Shuffling Knave, [Poltroon?
Promis'd a Sermon, preach'd a damn'd Lampoon?
When did He his Defence from SPRAT purloin?
As Thou whole URIM doſt transfuſe to thine:
But ſo transfuſe as Oils on Waters flow;
His Cunning floats above, thy Folly ſinks below.

This be thy Province, this thy wond'rous Way
New Treaſons to contrive for each new Day:
This be that boaſted Bias of thy Mind,
By which one Means to Faction 'tis inclin'd;
Which makes thy Writings lean obliquely ſtill,
And on all Subjects that way bends thy Will.
And ſooth to tell, thy Aſpect ſpeaks no leſs;
Thou ſightly Rogue! whoſe Looks the Rogue con-
[feſs:
Sightly as Such Thou art; but Thoſe how blind,
Who hold thy Face diſſenting from thy Mind!
Thy Face, my Son! wears as right Tory Mien,
As orthodox in Pride and prieſtly Spleen,
As e'er the ſoureſt *Cheſhire* Bull could ſcrue;
Thyſelf like Him broad-back'd and rampant too.
And if e'er Woman be to Thee inclin'd,
She doubtleſs is of the *Phaſiphae*-kind;
One, who thy Charms does from this Likeneſs ſcan,
And hence conceit Thee ſomething more than Man.
Man gifted as Thou art, how ſhall I prize
With equal Force thy wond'rous Qualitys?

Some-

Something I trow, I know not what, but ought,
Something leſs eaſy to be ſpoke than thought,
In thy each Act thy whole Deportment ſways,
And ſtamps Thee what Thou art in ſpight of Praiſe.
Miſtaken Praiſe, the worſt of Satir, brings
Unlook'd-for Ruin on the beſt of Kings:
Such I foreſee ſhall on thy Greatneſs wait,
When Thou ſucceed'ſt to this my regal State:
But Flatt'ry ſhall on Thee miſuſe its Skill,
No Wile can e'er divert thy Mind from Ill;
For ſtill to be Thyſelf, Thou muſt be dev'liſh ſtill.

Thy Acts, like mine, our Church's Cauſe adorn;
Thy Doctrine Laughter breeds, thy Practice Scorn.
To Honeſty, ev'n feign'd, Thou bear'ſt ſuch Spight,
Thou know'ſt not how to play the Hypocrite:
At thy falacious Heart tho' Matter lies,
It does but touch thy true-blue Pen and dies:
With whate'er Guile Thou would'ſt conceal thy Rage,
The Knave peeps out confeſt in ev'ry Page.

Thy

Thy Genius calls Thee not to purchaſe Fame
In writing Books, but by a nobler Game.
Leave, leave the Gown; and ſue for the Command
Of th' old Dragoons of our new fav'rite Land:
There Thou may'ſt Faggots pile and Gibbets raiſe,
And chaſten one *French* Whig ten thouſand Ways.
Or march (if Thou can'ſt deign ſo low to ſtoop)
Coll'nel and Chaplain both to thy own * Troop.

HE ſaid; but his laſt Words were ſcarce intire,
For now 'Squire JACK impatient ſwell'd with Ire,
And ſtrait o'erturn'd the yet declaiming Sire.
Swinging, He left his villain Cloak behind,
Born upwards by a ſubterranean Wind.
That did S——L ſeize, with bended Knee;
When KETCH ſtept in, and claim'd it as his Fee:
But COOK, and SNAT, and COLLIER too depoſe,
Th' Event did ſomething typical incloſe;

* *The Mob that roſe on his Account in* London *and* Weſtminſter.

And

And ſwear old CHARNOCK's Ghoſt would haunt [Him ſtill,
Should He alone thwart his prophetick Will.
This heard, the Hangman quitted his Pretence,
Yet buſtl'd hard for Commutation-Pence:
The Mantle fell to the young Ruffian's Part,
With double Bleſſing of his Father's Art.

FINIS.

Errata. Page 8. Line 5. f. *then*, r. *thence*.--- p. 10. l. 4. f. *the*, r. *thy*--- p. 12. l. 1. f. *Atheiſt*, r. *righteous*.

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